LOHAR

IN AFRICA LOHAR HAS SLAIN THE TERRIBLE-ONE, A GIANT GORILLA, AND NOW LIES BATTERED AND TORN IN THE BRUSH. BUT THE EXULTANT MASAI WARRIORS HAVE BROUGHT FOOD AND RICH GOATSMILK TO THE FOREST AS AN OFFERING TO THE MIGHTY LEOPARD WHO HAS SLAIN THEIR ENEMY.....

IT IS ONLY AFTER SOFT NIGHT CLOAKS THE JUNGLE THAT THE LEOPARD EMERGES FROM THE UNDER-BRUSH AND SLOWLY, HIS BRUISED AND ACHING BODY CRYING OUT WITH PAIN, CREEPS TOWARD THE FOOD!

IT IS RARE LOHAR WOULD TAKE FOOD HE HAD NOT BROUGHT DOWN HIMSELF, BUT THE PANGS OF HUNGER KNOT HIS STOMACH AND HE REALIZES IT WILL BE MANY DAYS BEFORE HE CAN HUNT AGAIN. SO IT IS THAT HE DRINKS DEEPLY OF THE GOATSMILK AND PARTAKES OF THE MUTTON...

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THEN, ONCE MORE IN THE DEEP SHADOWS OF THE BRUSH, THE SLEEP OF THE EXHAUSTED OVERTAKES HIM....

BUT AT THE VILLAGE OF THE MASAI, THE DANCING GOES LONG INTO THE NIGHT. IN A CORNER, THE TRIBAL ELDER SPEAKS TO HIS WARRIORS. "REMEMBER NAGORO?" HE QUESTIONS. "HE HAD TRAVELED ACROSS HALF THE WORLD WHEN HE RETURNED. RECALL YOU THAT HE TOLD OF A GREAT LEOPARD NAMED LOHAR?"

THE ELDER SPEAKS LOHAR'S NAME! HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?

CONT'D NEXT WEEK!

LOHAR

IN THE HOT, CLOSE LAND CALLED INDIA, A SMALL VILLAGE STANDS---AN OASIS IN THE MIDST OF THE TEEMING JUNGLE. THIS IS THE VILLAGE OF **LOHAR!** AND NOT FAR OFF, HALF-HIDDEN BY THE JUNGLE BRUSH, IS ANOTHER WHOSE NAME IS LOHAR--
--LOHAR, THE JUNGLE LORD!

IT IS MORNING AND LOHAR IS HUNGRY. HE HAS SPENT THE NIGHT IDLY ROAMING ABOUT, BUT NOW, EVERY MUSCLE MOVING IN PERFECT RYTHM, THE BIG CAT TREADS THE GROUND, SOFTLY----

EEEEIIII!

SUDDENLY, A SCREAM RIPS APART THE JUNGLE STILLNESS. THIS, LOHAR INSTANTLY KNOWS, IS NO JUNGLE PARROT OR MACAQUE. THIS IS A HUMAN CRY. LOHAR HALTS, RAISES HIS MIGHTY HEAD---

THEN, WITH EFFORTLESS STRENGTH, LOHAR'S LITHE, SLEEK BODY IS BOUNDING ACROSS THE GROUND IN GREAT LEAPS---

LOHAR HALTS AT THE EDGE OF A CLEARING. IN A GLANCE HE SEES A WOMAN AND CHILD, GATHERING BERRIES, HAVE DISTURBED A VICIOUS BOAR IN A THICKET---

LOHAR'S GREEN EYES NARROW. THE MEAT OF THE WILD BOAR CAN BE TENDER! THEN, SUDDENLY, LIKE AN ARROW, THE TAN FORM CLEAVES THE AIR TO LAND BEFORE THE CHARGING BOAR----

THE WILD BOAR HALTS, HIS LITTLE EYES NOW AWARE OF A REAL FOE BEFORE HIM. CAREFULLY, LOHAR CREEPS FORWARD, WATCHING THE BOAR PREPARE FOR A FRESH CHARGE, KNOWING HE MUST BE READY TO AVOID THE FIRST RUSH OF THOSE RIPPING, KILLING TUSKS---

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AS THE GREAT PANTHER AND THE WILD BOAR BEGIN A CONTEST FROM WHICH ONLY ONE WILL WALK AWAY, THE WOMAN AND CHILD LOOK ON IN FASCINATION. *"IT IS LOHAR, THE JUNGLE LORD,"* THE WOMAN WHISPERS. *"I KNOW HIS MARKINGS. THERE IS BUT ONE PANTHER SO HUGE, SO POWERFUL."*

NEXT WEEK:-
THE BATTLE!

LOHAR

LOHAR, THE JUNGLE LORD, HAS INTERRUPTED A WILD BOAR ABOUT TO GORE A WOMAN AND CHILD. NOW, THE TWO ANIMALS FACE EACH OTHER, AND---

"SEE," THE WOMAN BREATHES, "LOHAR IS CAUTIOUS. HE DOES NOT UNDERRATE THE BOAR!"

THE WOMAN IS RIGHT, FOR LOHAR KNOWS THE FEROCITY OF THE CHARGE OF A WILD BOAR, THE SHARPNESS OF THOSE TUSKS. CAREFULLY, HE MOVES FORWARD. AND THEN, WITH A HALF-GRUNT, HALF-ROAR, THE WILD HOG CHARGES---

LOHAR STANDS HIS GROUND, NOT A MUSCLE QUIVERING, UNTIL THE BOAR'S TUSKS ARE BUT INCHES FROM HIS FACE. THEN, QUICK AS A COBRA'S STRIKE, LOHAR LEAPS TO THE SIDE---

IN A FLASH, LOHAR IS UPON THE BOAR'S BACK, FEELING HIS LONG CLAWS DIGGING INTO THE HARD HIDE--

RIPPING THE SHARP CLAWS DOWN THE BOAR'S BACK, LOHAR CLINGS TO HIS ADVERSARY UNTIL THE BOAR FALLS UPON ITS SIDE. IT IS THE END, FOR, INSTANTLY, LOHAR'S MIGHTY JAWS ARE AT ITS THROAT!

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A DEEP ROAR RESOUNDS THROUGH THE JUNGLE- THE VICTORY CRY OF *LOHAR*, THE JUNGLE LORD! AND THEN THERE IS SILENCE!

SOFTLY, THE NATIVE WOMAN AND HER CHILD STEAL AWAY. "I KNEW LOHAR WOULD WIN," SHE SAYS. "YES--IT WILL TAKE A MIGHTY FOE TO CONQUER *LOHAR*!"

"LOHAR," THE CHILD ECHOES. "WHY DOES THIS PANTHER BEAR THE NAME OF OUR VILLAGE, MOTHER? IS HE OUR FRIEND?" THE WOMAN REPLIES AS THEY HURRY ON. "NO," SHE SAYS. "HE IS NOT OUR FRIEND--*NOT EXACTLY*. YET, AS YOU SAW, HE IS NOT OUR ENEMY. I SHALL TELL YOU THE STORY OF LOHAR!"

NEXT WEEK:
THE STORY
of
LOHAR,
THE JUNGLE
LORD!

LOHAR

A NATIVE WOMAN TELLS HER CHILD OF LOHAR, THE JUNGLE LORD, HOW HE WAS ONCE A CUB IN THEIR VILLAGE, A TAME MASCOT TILL HE MATURED AND REVEALED THE JUNGLE STILL STRONG WITHIN HIM. "AND SO," THE CHILD SAYS, "LOHAR WAS CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY THE VILLAGERS. WHAT HAPPENED THEN?"

"LOHAR WAS HELD BY MANY ROPES AND LED INTO THE VILLAGE STOCKADE," CONTINUES THE WOMAN. "HE WENT CALMLY, QUIETLY, FOR HE STILL WAS THE VILLAGE MASCOT. IT WAS WE WHO HAD GROWN TO FEAR!"

INSIDE THE STOCKADE, THE GATE TIGHTLY LATCHED, LOHAR PACED ABOUT, UNACCUSTOMED TO BEING CONFINED SO. HIS EYES WERE EXPRESSIONLESS AND YET SOME HIDDEN FIRE BURNED DEEP BEHIND THEM!"

"MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE STOCKADE, THE CHIEF HAD DECIDED THAT AT SUNRISE THE NEXT MORNING, THE BEST SPEARSMEN OF THE VILLAGE WOULD FLING THEIR WEAPONS AT LOHAR!"

"THE NIGHT PASSED QUICKLY, BUT JUST BEFORE DAWN, SOMETHING INSIDE LOHAR TOLD HIM HE WAS IN DANGER. THE SPEARSMEN WERE GATHERING OUTSIDE WHEN LOHAR GAVE A TREMENDOUS LEAP!".

"THE SPEARSMEN WERE STARTLED TO SUDDENLY SEE THE GREAT FORM OF LOHAR LEAPING OUT OF THE STOCKADE WITH EFFORTLESS EASE!"

"BEFORE THEY COULD FLING THEIR SPEARS, LOHAR WAS GONE -- A YELLOW STREAK FLASHING ACROSS THE GROUND!"

"ON A RIDGE, LOHAR TURNED AND HALTED AS THE SUN ROSE BEHIND HIM FOR A LAST LOOK AT THE VILLAGE WHOSE NAME HE BORE. NEVER AGAIN HAS HE LOOKED BACK AT OUR VILLAGE. HE HAD RETURNED TO THE JUNGLE, RETURNED TO THE CALL OF THE JUNGLE!"

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THE WOMAN ENDS HER STORY AND SHE AND HER CHILD HURRY BACK TO THE VILLAGE AS DARKNESS GATHERS OVER THE JUNGLE. BUT NOT FAR AWAY, LOHAR'S EARS TWITCH TO A NEW SOUND --- A FOUR-FOOTED STRANGER NEARS HIS LAIR!

Next Week:

A NEW ADVERSARY!